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LOVE IN A MIST.

BY JULIA M. BRYANT.

"Ah me! for aught that I could ever learn,
Could ever heart by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth."

"Do not deem
It such an easy task, from the fond breast
To root affection out."

"I want a hero"—not a martial hero, seamed and scarred with traces of many a well fought battle; not a sighing, sentimental lover; not a bewickered, mustachioed dandy, "a perfect love of man," but a true, substantial hero, of an every day story, such as is written on every young heart in its early bloom of hope and happiness. Such an one as appeals to the thoughts and feelings of our earlier years and carries us back to the time when "love's young dream" cast its bewitching spell over our senses.

Such a hero as my fancy pictures, was Dr. Langdon, a talented and popular physician in the town of—

Few men possessed more qualities of mind and person to render him beloved, and few men were more beloved by all who knew him; and yet strange to say, he still remained a bachelor, and at the time our story begins, his "three-score years and ten" were well nigh half spent; but while fair girls smiled or sighed, and matrons wondered, and old men gravely advised, he still kept on the even tenor of his ways, apparently untouched by Cupid's arrows, while her celestial arrows under the serious words of counsel from the old, or the more bewitching smiles of beauty from the young.

The truth was, that in early life he had loved, "not wisely, but too well;" and it might be that the remembrance of that love still cast its shadow over his heart, or that the first fervor and glow of early feeling had passed with it, and the wayward heart of youth was not controlled by the cool judgment of the mind; in short, the doctor was very philosophic in love, as in other things and could reason as coolly upon matters of the heart, as of the head, and looked upon the fair form of beauty with much indifference, as if admiring some of the inanimate workmanship of nature. Immersed in his books and practice, if ever an idea of marriage crossed his mind, it came only as accompanied with thoughts of duty to himself and society, and as a matter of quiet calculation, rather than of deep feeling.

Years had passed on, and the bright eyes that had smiled upon him, turned their light upon others; smiles that once beamed brightly at his approach, now shed their lights upon their own devoted hearts, and on his thirtieth birthday, Dr. Langdon awoke from his lethargy to find himself almost deserted by his former young associates, and surrounded by those who had attained to maturity long since he became a man. There were some unpleasant reminiscences awakened by his train of thoughts on his birthday, and a sigh involuntarily came from his lips, as his mind reverted to the friends of his boyhood; most of them with young and lovely wives, many of them with "their babes about their knees," and as he glanced around his small bachelor apartment, an air of discomfort and loneliness struck him most forcibly, and thoughts of a cheerful home, pretty wife, and prattling babes, rose in striking contrast, and for the hundredth time he resolved to take to himself a wife; but to resolve was much easier than to perform, and the doctor fell into a moody train of thought, from which he was awakened by the entrance of a servant, who came to bear an invitation to a party to be given to Mr. Linwood's on the following evening.

The next evening, as Mr. Langdon entered the well lighted apartments of Mrs. Linwood, his eyes fell on the tall and graceful form of a young and lovely girl, who stood near the center of the room. As she turned with graceful dignity to answer the familiar introduction of Mr. Linwood, "My cousin," Miss Helen Linwood, Dr. Langdon's doctor felt the color mount to his very brow, and a degree of embarrassment very unusual to him, for a moment pervaded his manner, as he felt the gaze of those dark eyes resting upon him; in a few moments, she resumed her conversation with the gentlemen by her side, and the doctor turned away.

More than once, however, during the evening, he turned to look upon that face whose peculiar beauty had struck him somewhat fastidiously, and more than once he caught himself wondering if that fair form contained a mind as perfect in its proportions as its exterior, and when he returned home at a late hour that night, her face still lingered in his thoughts, and haunted him in a dream.

Helen Linwood was indeed bewitchingly beautiful; her dark hair was folded over a brow "bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;" her eye "spoke the warm feelings that her bosom moved;" and the rich bloom upon her rather brunette complexion, and the rounded symmetry of her figure, told that health, without which no perfect beauty can be found, ran through her veins, and furnished a rich life-current to her heart.

Those who knew her best loved her most, for the warm emotions of her nature, and the many qualities which render woman lovely and beloved, shone forth only in the circle of home and friends. She was idolized by some, beloved by many, and admired by all; and it was strange that even the heart of Dr. Dr. Langdon was awakened by the charms of her who seemed to him the bright embodiment of all that he had thought beautiful in woman, either in his boyhood's dreams, or in the ripe judgment of his later years; and it was strange that she, who knew so well how to appreciate all the good and noble qualities of the human heart, should learn to look first with reverence, then with regard, and at length with love, upon him who under her influence now appeared the really warm and truehearted man that nature made him.

Before the lapse of many months, the doctor owned his heart that he loved, well and deeply, and yet he knew not if he was beloved in return. It was true that Helen Linwood always met him with a cordial smile and friendly greeting, but did she not meet others so? True, he had seen the bright color to her cheeks more than once, when her glance met his; but yet, she, wealthy, beautiful and admired, would she not reject the heart whose homage he now longed to offer her? He rose from his chair with a sigh, and going to a book, he turned the leaves to find a flower, a simple rosebud, given to him by her a few evenings before, and as he recalled the blush that accompanied it, a glow of pleasure lighted up his manly features, and a smile involuntarily played around his handsome mouth. A few months back, and he would have smiled incredulously to have been told of this; but now, the calm, still heart was awakened from its slumbers, and he was startled to find that its strong pulsations were beyond control.

Immediately after her arrival at the town of— Helen Linwood was pronounced to be most decidedly and emphatically a belle, and it was not without a bitter pang of envy that Clara Howland resigned her formerly untested supremacy. She was a brilliant beauty with large dark eyes, and hair like "the raven's wing," but without, prompt, self and artful, but with an acquired softness of manner that partly concealed these defects. An only child, she had been petted and coddled, until the wayward girl had become transformed into the willful woman, with all the strong impulses of her nature unchecked, and uncontrolled by principle or affection; and yet, unlike as were their characters, Helen Linwood and Clara Howland were friends, in the worldly acceptance of the term; but though Helen's warm heart found some traits of character in Clara to love, and while free from every jealous thought, she admired her rare beauty, and generously excused her faults. Clara could not, and did not love the pure, high-minded girl, whose gentle disposition, as well as exceeding loveliness, had won all hearts; and the words of praise lavished so freely upon Helen by old and young, fell like drops of poison into Clara's burning heart.

A brilliant party was to be given at Mrs. Howland's and Clara stood before her mirror, arrayed in a beautiful and costly dress, with the proud consciousness of beauty lighting up her brilliant features. Clara had long gazed the secret of Helen's heart; she had watched every tell-tale blush and smile, and she knew, though words had never revealed it, that Dr. Langdon loved Helen Linwood, and that she was not indifferent to that love; and in the depths of her wild, ungoverned nature, she had vowed that she should never be his. For years she had loved him with all the selfish ardor that could but characterize the love of such a being, and she could not bear that another should win the heart that had turned so coldly from her; and she had resolved to take a bold step to defeat the end she most dreaded, the marriage of Helen and Dr. Langdon.

That day, in seemingly strictest confidence, she had imparted to Helen a secret, which she said was interwoven with her very being; she told her that her hopes in the future were about to be realized, and that she had promised to become the wife of him she loved best on earth; and when Helen, with fond eagerness, had asked the name, Clara had hid her blushing face upon her shoulder, and whispered the name of "Langdon."

Helen's cheek grew pale, and for a moment her pulsations seemed stilled, but, with a strong effort she rallied, and bending her head to Clara's cheek, kissed her fondly, and tried hard to feel that she did not love her less, although she had taken from her the brightest hope that had ever lighted her pathway.

Clara had returned home, exulting in the hope of the success of her project, and Helen sat by the window where the cool breeze could play upon her burning brow, and tried to still the tumultuous thoughts that thronged her brain. Vividly the past came up before her, and the blush of mortified pride and brow, and she remembered how often she had betrayed her preference for him. The excited state of her feelings made her magnify every circumstance of the kind, and she felt degraded in her own eyes, as she thought how he must despise the heart that gave its love unsought and then, as the remembrance of that love came over her mind, she hid her face in her hands, and tears flowed fast and true.

Twilight came on, and its shadows

deepened into night, but still she sat there, absorbed in her own sad thoughts.

The entrance of her maid, who came to assist her in preparing for the evening, roused her from her bitter reverie, and pushing back the disheveled locks from her throbbing temples, she rose to her feet, and hastily began her preparations, and a short time after, when her cousin, Mrs. Linwood, came in to put the finishing touches of her dress, Helen's features betrayed no traces of her recent emotion.

That night there was a deeper flush on Helen's cheek, and a brighter beam in her eye, and her voice, though slightly tremulous at times, was more than usually gay and mirthful in its tones, and none could have read beneath that bright exterior the feelings that swelled her heart, and oppressed her brain.

Never had she looked lovelier than on that night, and so thought Dr. Langdon, as he advanced to speak to her as she entered Mrs. Howland's drawing-room. Helen's heart beat almost audibly, as he took her hand, and fearing he might observe her embarrassment, and detect the smile that hastily withdrew it, and the smile that accompanied her few words of greeting, he saw was constrained and cold. Touched by her manner, he turned away, and meeting the eye of Clara, he crossed the room to her, and when Helen saw him again, he was standing by her side, her hand within his arm, and her beautiful face upturned to his.

With a faint, sickening sensation, Helen turned away, and forgetful of all around her, seated herself by an open window where the heavy curtains partially enveloped her form, and where she could gaze upon the calm, still starlight without. A few moments after, a gentleman followed her and seating himself by her side, began a conversation in which she took but little share.

Frederick Loring had loved Helen Linwood long and devotedly, but had never dared to breathe to her his feelings; but at that moment there was a subdued softness in her manner, a touchiness sweetness in her tones, that made him love her more, and dare to hope what he never hoped before. Helen, engrossed by her own thoughts, listened dreamily as he spoke of the beauty of the quiet evening—of poetry—of love, and as he talked, she gazed into the heavens above her, unheeding the passionate gaze that was bent so earnestly upon her, and though he spoke in low, soft whispers which betrayed the love his bosom felt, she did not realize his meaning until emboldened by her silence he placed his hand upon hers which lay upon the window sill, and bending nearer spoke plainly of his love for her.

Helen raised her eyes to his, and a burning blush overspread her features; she saw her error and felt she had unintentionally misled him, she leaned her head upon her hand, and he still bent over her listening tremulously for the words on which his hopes hung.

At that moment Clara, who was still leaning upon Dr. Langdon's arm, directed his attention to Helen, and with a peculiar smile said, "Helen is very happy this evening."

"Why?" said Dr. Langdon, quickly. "She is always happy when Mr. Loring is by her side," replied Clara.

"Are they engaged?" asked Dr. Langdon, making an effort to speak calmly. "Certainly," said Clara, unblushingly meeting his inquiring glance—"did you not know it? But of course you did not, as it is of late date; but you must promise me not to mention it," she said. "For I ought not to have told you, as it was told by her to me in the strictest confidence."

"You can trust me, you may be assured, Miss Howland," replied the doctor; and after a few idle remarks, with a slight apology to Clara, he led her to a seat, and left the room.

Had he stayed a moment longer—had he seen the expression that crossed the features of the gentleman by Helen's side, had he observed her manner as he rose from her seat, and came forward to mingle among the guests, he would have detected, with the quick eye of affection, that some sorrow had touched her, and that the assumed gaiety of the hour was not from the heart. He did not return that evening, however, and Clara spoke of his absence as if perfectly familiar with all his movements; and as Helen bade her a kind good night, and pressed her usual kiss upon her cheek, she did not dream of the deep-laid plot against her.

That night Helen wept herself to sleep upon her pillow, and Dr. Langdon paced his room for hours; at one moment bitterly reproaching himself for his infatuation, and again solemnly entreating the gentleman by Helen's side, to pray for her happiness, faithful to himself. Oh, could the veil have been removed from either heart, and the true feelings been revealed, how readily would happiness have taken the place of misery—how many hours of concealed wretchedness would be spared them both.

"Life, thou art full of misery," To a proud and sensitive nature like Helen Linwood's no mortification could have been greater than to feel that her affections had been given to one who merely esteemed her as a friend; and though she strove hard to conquer her feelings, and would not allow even to herself how deeply her love for him had taken possession of her heart, yet notwithstanding her bitter condemnation of what she considered a weakness, nature would not thus be controlled, and a long attack of illness proved how deep had been the struggle between love and pride; and when she arose from her sick bed, her eye had lost its sweetest light, and her cheek its brightest bloom. As soon as she was able to travel, she left her home. Dr. Langdon called to say farewell, but a crowd was round her, and they simply exchanged a few words, held each other's hands a moment, smiled and strove to be, as they really seemed—indifferent—and parted, he with his strong heart swelling with emotion; she forcing back the tears, and biting the quivering lip to check the sobs that only burst forth when alone, in the carriage she gave vent to her long suppressed feelings.

The morning after the party Mr. Loring had left to be absent some months, but Clara assured the doctor that he was to follow Helen to her home, and be united to her there on his return.

Clara, freed from her fears of Helen's successful rivalry, put forth all her charms to win the heart of Dr. Langdon, and partly from the influence of her beauty, partly from the knowledge of her love for him, he insensibly became interested in her, and often he would spend an hour by her side to while away the moments that of late hung heavily on his hands, and more than once the floating breeze of busy rumor bore to the ears of Helen the report of an engagement subsisting between them, which tended to confirm her in her belief, and by degrees she taught herself to think upon the event with composure, if not influence.

A change had come over the calm and quiet Dr. Langdon: his usually frank countenance was often overclouded, and his open, cordial manner had become reserved and cold. The truth was, this second disappointment had been felt more deeply than the first. The strong, deep feelings of manhood had been enlisted, and sturdy branches of the towering oak are less easily trained than the light limits of the yielding sapling.

About six months after her return home, Helen received a letter from her cousin, Mrs. Linwood, urging her to pay her another visit; her husband was absent from home, her own health delicate, and she longed for the sweet companionship of her "sweet Helen."

After some hesitation Helen consented; she felt more confidence in herself, and though even if chance threw her in the way of Dr. Langdon, she could meet him without emotion, and in a short time she found herself again beneath the roof where she had passed her happiest and most miserable moments. Clara Howland was among the first to call on her return, and found opportunity to tell Helen that in consequence of some family matters, her marriage had been postponed, and that both she and the doctor wished their engagement kept a profound secret. Helen's unsuspecting nature saw nothing to doubt, and readily gave the required pledge of secrecy.

Clara, who began to fear that Helen's unexpected return might mar the successful development of her plot, lost no time in impressing upon the doctor's mind thoughts that would effectually preclude the possibility of expressing any feeling of affection for Helen; she knew his aversion to anything like coquetry, and she calculated well in supposing that the knowledge of such conduct on the part of any woman would go far to prejudice him against her than almost any other circumstance.

Mr. Loring had lately returned, and his appearance and manner still betrayed the effects of the disappointment he had felt so keenly. Clara took occasion to speak of this dejection of manner, and feelingly attributed it to Helen's cruel treatment of him, who, she averred, had rejected him after their long engagement, without any apparent cause. She knew Dr. Langdon too well to fear his betraying her falsehood, and she knew Loring was too sensitive on the subject, though he had confided in her, as the intimate friend of both Helen and himself.

Mrs. Linwood was taken suddenly ill, and summoned hastily to her bedside, Dr. Langdon and Helen first met again; yet even there a feeling of restraint affected both; he was cold and distant, and her manner caught the infection from his.

If Helen has appeared lovely and lovable in the pride of dress and beauty, she was doubly so now, when with watchful tenderness she hovered around her cousin's bed, bathing the fevered features, cooling the parched lip, and soothing with gentle tones the restlessness of the sufferer, with a sister's fondness; and often when thus thrown together, the warm impulses of their hearts would go forth to meet each other, to be as suddenly checked by the thoughts so carefully instilled into the minds of each by the fearful Clara.

It was a cold autumnal evening; the wind blew blusteringly and the rain fell heavily, but, seated by a comfortable fire, smoking their fragrant cigars, sat Dr. Langdon and Frederick Loring. A degree of intimacy had sprung up between the two, and a strong feeling of instinctive sympathy bound them together.

"Doctor," said Loring, rising from his chair, and pacing the floor with hasty strides, "I am of all men the most miserable. I have often wondered," he continued, "why you never married Helen Linwood; certainly I was not mistaken in supposing you loved her; she did not reject your love as she did mine—did she doctor?" he added bitterly.

"No," said Dr. Langdon, emphatically, "I never made her an offer of that love."

"She is a noble girl," said Loring warmly, "and is worthy the love of any heart. I did love her, I do love her still, and will ever love her as long as life lasts," he added with emotion.

"Tell me, Loring," said Dr. Langdon, surprised at his manner, "were you never engaged to her?"

"Never," said Loring; "she told me frankly she did not love me, she did not deny she loved another, and I have good reason to believe that other was yourself."

It was now the doctor's turn to show emotion; "I will tell you Loring," he said, rising to his feet also, and speaking in low suppressed tones of deep feeling, "why I have not told Helen Linwood of the love you rightly guessed I felt for her. I was led to believe that she had engaged herself to you, and had watronly trifled with your feelings; such a woman could never be my wife, and the hardest struggle of my life has been my effort to conquer my love for her."

Loring advanced to the doctor, and taking his hand he said earnestly, "fate has blessed you, doctor; I know that Helen loves you—you are worthy of her love—God bless you both, may you be happy."

With a fervent pressure of the hand, he turned away, and taking his hat, left the house. Poor Loring, he did not dare to trust himself to speak farther, for the generous impulses of his soul were at mighty warfare with his selfish yearnings after his own happiness.

The following morning Helen was sitting alone when Dr. Langdon entered the pleasant parlor of Mrs. Linwood. There was something peculiar in his manner that made Helen's heart thrill, and when seated by her side he began to tell her of the past; how he had been deceived in regard to her; how long he had loved her, and why he had suppressed that love. Helen listened with a beating heart, and as he spoke, light flashed upon her mind, and she saw at a glance that she, too, had been deceived, and when he told her of his true and deep affection for her, and asked her to become his wife, she withdrew the hand he had held, while speaking, to hide the glad tears that came bursting from her eyes.

"Helen," said the doctor, grieved and alarmed at her agitation, "I did not mean to wound your feelings. If you do not love me, tell me candidly; if you do—if you could love me"—he paused for a reply—the hand she had withdrawn was replaced in his own, and with an impulsive movement the philosophical doctor folded her in his arms, and his lips rested upon her cheek!

It was a pleasant party gathered at Mr. Linwood's (Helen's father), at her cottage home. There were many of the mutual friends of Dr. Langdon and Helen; there were cousin Harry Linwood and his sweet wife; there was Frederick Loring, calm and thoughtful, but enjoying the satisfaction that he had contributed to the happiness of two he most loved; and there too was Helen, lovelier, sweeter than ever, and arrayed as a bride and leaning on the arm of her proud and happy husband, Dr. Langdon.

There, too, was Doctor Langdon's young and beautiful sister, and when in after time the love of Loring's manly heart was transferred to her, in her unbounded love and tenderness she taught him to forget his early disappointment.

Clara Howland, embittered by her defeat, turned to one she inwardly despised, and married a man whose sole recommendation was his immense wealth, and when in after years the fashionable, heartless woman of the world, occasionally met the still lovely, and ever beloved wife of the universally esteemed doctor Langdon, with her bright face and beautiful children by her side, she would keenly feel, with a pang of envy and regret, that to her the unhappy and childless wife, wealth could not atone for the loss of the heart's dearest treasures, affection and esteem; but Doctor Langdon, and his happy home, made bright by the sunshine of affection's sun, felt that the clouds that had so long hung over his heart and mind were all dispelled, and that to him, "Love," was no longer "in a mist."

MARSHALL NEY'S DEATH SCENE.—The following description of the last moments of this extraordinary and gallant man is taken from "Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals."—The execution took place in 1815:

"The vengeance of the allied powers demanded some victim; and the intrepid Ney, who had well nigh put the crown on Napoleon's head at Waterloo, was to be one of them. Condemned to be shot he was led to the garden of Luxembourg on the morning of the 7th of December, and placed in front of a file of soldiers, drawn up to kill him. One of the officers stepped up to bandage his eyes, but he repulsed him saying, 'Are you ignorant that for twenty years I have been accustomed to meet ball and bullet?'"

He then lifted his hat above his head, and with the same calm voice that steadied his columns so frequently in the roar and tumult of the battle, said, "I declare before God and man that I never betrayed my country; may my death render her happy, Viva la France!" He then turned to the soldiers and striking his hand on his heart, gave the order, "Soldiers fire!" A simultaneous discharge followed, and the bravest of the brave sank to rise no more. He who had fought five hundred battles for France, and not one against her, was shot as a traitor."

The Louisville Times has an article upon "Gen. Cass and the Fugitive Slave Law." We read it in the hope of finding a statement of the reason why Gen. Cass, who was in his seat in the Senate when the vote upon the passage of the fugitive slave law taken, declined voting. We were disappointed.

Probably there was some "noise and confusion" in the Senate when the vote was taken upon the fugitive slave law, and of course Gen. Cass was, as usual, surrounded by "circumstances," but we should really like to see an authoritative statement of his ground for refusing to vote.

Our neighbors of the Times say that they do not remember by what accident it occurred that Gen. Cass did not cast his vote. Are they quite sure that they ever knew? If so, their forgetfulness is a great public misfortune.—*Low Jour.*

In laying off the new Congressional districts in Ohio, it is said that the Democrats, who have a majority in the Legislature, have terribly "aggravated" the State. As an evidence of this, it is said that the State, as just districted, would have chosen a large majority of Democrats to Congress at the same time that it gave its electoral vote to Henry Clay by 6,000 majority, and would have chosen fourteen Democrats in 1848 to seven Whigs and Free-soilers by the same vote that elected Mr. Ford Governor.—*Low Jour.*

ARRIVAL OF THE WASHINGTON.

New York, May 14.
The steamship Washington, from Southampton, has arrived, with 135 passengers. She is under command of E. M. Fitch.

The Humboldt reached Cowes, April 25th.
The West India steam packet company determined to run a line of powerful screw propelled steamers between Panama and Australia, to connect with a line to Chagres and Southampton. The most vigorous efforts are making at Southampton to encourage their navigation. The mayor had given a grand banquet to all the steam companies. Lord Palmerston was present.

The Derby ministry obtained an unexpected victory in the House of Commons on the 26th ult. The Militia bill was carried by a majority of 150.

The whole of Kosuth's relatives, 17 in number are to be permitted to leave Austria, May 1st.

The Department of Seine, have decided against Louis Napoleon on the question of the Orleans property confiscation. It has regarded as the first stand against the tyranny of the President, and produced a fall of one-half per cent, at the Bourse. The tribunal declared itself competent to decide all questions of property, &c. The correspondents of foreign papers are to be prosecuted for sending false intelligence.

The Australian packet Sydney had arrived with \$177,000 in gold. The West India mail steamer Clyde, arrived at Southampton with \$1,286,000 on freight, \$450,000 of which was California gold.

The motion relative to the elective franchise, on which Lord John Russell was defeated last year, has proved triumphant to the Derby ministry, being defeated by 53 majority.

FIFTY VESSELS WRECKED.—Newfoundland papers bring accounts of the wreck of between fifty and sixty vessels in the ice in the gale of April 20th. The loss of life is said to be considerable, although full particulars are not known. A list of eighteen vessels lost, with full cargoes of skins, is given, one of which had five of her crew drowned, and another two. In many cases, as the vessels drifted toward the ice, the crews deserted them and escaped to the shore. In some cases the abandoned vessels have been taken into port. The Governor of Newfoundland has been requested by the Assembly to appropriate £300 to the relief of the crews wrecked on Richard Island and Bonavista Bay.

Los Jour.
A GOOD RULE.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when he was a boy.

When asked how he got his riches he replied: My father taught me never to play till my work was finished and never to spend my money until I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work in a day, I must do that the first thing, and in half an hour.

And after this I was allowed to play; and I then could play with much more pleasure than if I had the thought of an unfinished task before my mind. I carefully formed the habit of doing every thing in time, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is to this I owe my prosperity. Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

LIBERTY PARTY NATIONAL CONVENTION.—Frederick Douglass, Miss Antoinette Brown, James H. Collins, E. B. Crocker, and others, composing the National Committee of the Liberty Party, have called a Convention, to be held in Buffalo on the first day of September next, to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States. This step is taken in consequence of Gerritt Smith and Charles Durkee, the nominees of the Liberty Party, for these offices, having declined the honor.

Gen. Scott is not doubted by any Southern Whig with whom we have ever conversed, though many of them wish him to "come out." Why, we ask? Simply, they reply, to satisfy others.—He is sufficiently satisfactory to all others who wish well to the Whig cause; and he will carry every Southern State any other Whig can carry.—*Washington (D. C.) Telegraph.*

Life is a great poem, full of tragedy and pathos, comedy laughter, and fun and sorrow; having strange plots and denouements, but bearing the impress of a great unity, manifesting a serious Godward earnestness of purpose; and nowhere can we study this great poem, so well as on our daily life-path, in the life which is about us.

A young lady who wore spectacles exclaimed in a voice of sentimental enthusiasm, to a young ploughman, who was walking on the road: "Do you, sir, appreciate the beauty of that landscape? Oh, see those darling sheep and lambs skipping about?" "Them ain't sheep and lambs—them's hogs, miss."

Deal gently with those who stray.—Draw them back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother or sister.

Many have been ruined by their fortunes; many have escaped ruin by the want of fortune. To obtain it, the great become little, and the little become great.

Timidity is generally the fruit of selfishness; some men are so circumspect, so sensitive of danger, of things that may harm them, they know not how that they never can give, or say a generous word for another, without trembling.

If you grant a favor forget it, if you receive one remember it.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—

Women have a much nicer sense of the beautiful than men. There are, by far, the softer unpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers.—Herein is a great natural law that the sexes have each their relative excellences and deficiencies, in the harmonious union of which lies all the wealth of domestic happiness. There is no better test of moral excellence, ordinarily, than the keenness of one's sense, and the depth of one's love, of all that is beautiful.

No reflecting man can fail to see that three hundred and thirteen visits in a year of a carefully conducted newspaper must exert a great and blessed influence upon domestic life and happiness.

Sitting to sew by candle light, at a table with dark cloth on it, is injurious to the eye-sight. When no remedy presents itself, put a sheet of white paper before you.

We must not always speak all we know; that were mere folly; but what a man says, should be what he thinks, otherwise it would be knavery.

"You've destroyed my peace of mind, Betsy," said a desponding lover to a truant lass.

"For 'twas an amazing small piece you had, any way," was the reply.

Custom is the law of one description of fools and fashion of another, but the two parties often clash; for precedent is the legislator of the first and novelty of the last.

He who commands himself, commands to some extent the world also; for the more authority we have over others, the more command we exercise over ourselves.

The best thing to resist vice with, is love. The man who worships a virtuous woman, is as impregnable to the allurements of a wanton, as Gibraltar is to apple dumplings.

Study to be more consistent in principle and more uniform in practice, and your peace will be more unbroken.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective; some must be seen at a great distance.

It is a Spanish maxim, that he who loveth wealth, loseth much; he who loveth a friend loseth more; but he who loveth his spirits loseth all.

A man should never put a fence of words around his ideas, because many who would otherwise give him a fair hearing, lack resolution to climb over such a rugged enclosure.

Man is every where, more or less, a religious being, that is to say in all countries, and at all times, he feels the tie which connects him with an invisible power.

It is said that none are so much to be pitied as the ministers or monarchs under age, and old men in love with maidens.

Be charitable; religion has humanity for a basis, and they who are not charitable cannot be christians.

Straw plaits may be whitened by immersion in a weak solution of chloride of lime, and afterwards washing in clean water.

Where judgment has wit to express it, there is the best orator.

Practice flows from principle, for a man thinks, so will he act.

One of the many penalties we pay for longevity is the loss of those who have been dear to us in our pilgrimage.

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

To all men, and at all times, the best friend is virtue; and the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

Though reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our own meditation that must form our judgment.

A beautiful oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes satin."

A warm heart requires a cool head. So a ship that carries a great deal of sails needs a first rate helmsman.

The storms of adversity are wholesome; though like snow storms, their drifts are not always seen.

Nature makes us poor only when we lack necessities, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

To repeat what you have said in social intercourse, is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish.

On the 1st of June, 1850, there were 8,100 papers printed in the United States.

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Oh! how we long for warm weather.

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BY TELEGRAPH.

From the Louisville Courier.

ARRIVAL OF THE ATLANTIC.

New York, May 7.

The Atlantic arrived with 69 passengers.

Money is steady; consols for money and account 99 1/2.

American stocks are quiet and unchanged.

The Bourse (Paris) was unsettled, owing to the current report that the Emperor of Russia had given orders to sell his heavy investments.

The Delia strongly favors the American expedition to Japan.

What is now being done by Americans is the realization of the dream of Columbus.

Lord Derby assured the government he contemplates no change in the departure of the mail steamers for America.

On Monday the militia bill was taken up. Cobden opposed it. He did not believe any man of common sense considered England likely to be invaded, but if the country was really afraid let 500 ships line the coast rather than transfigure citizens into military people.

Bright followed in the same strain. The debate was resumed Tuesday, and subsequently postponed till Wednesday.

In the House of Lords, Lord Lyndhurst called attention to the case of Solomons.

Lord Campbell expressed the hope that Jews would be admitted into Parliament.

Lord Derby said he would offer no opposition.

The superintendent of the English company sent to California to take possession of Fremont's property, states that the difficulties relative to the title, &c., induced him to abandon it.

Arthur O'Connor died April 23d.

Paris papers state that the refusals to take the oath to the constitution and President are more numerous than expected.

In several departments, members of the General Council and some of the tribunals of commune have been suspended in consequence of their refusal.

The fete of May 10th causes great excitement.

The reported diminution of the French army in Rome is unfounded.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

New York, May 17.

The Daniel Webster from San Juan arrived with \$400,000 gold and San Francisco dates to the 16th ult.

Business of all kinds was brisk. The independence, Oregon, and Northernner had arrived at San Francisco.

The general news is unimportant. The massacre by the Klamath Indians is confirmed.

The sloop-of-war Vincennes had arrived.

The Indians in Scott's valley murdered 150 whites and stole property worth \$250,000.

Application had been made to the Governor to expel the Indians from Hlamath and Shastee.

New York, May 14.

The steamer Troy while on her way from Albany last evening, was run into by an unknown schooner, and her cook killed.

The return for Whig delegates to the National Convention, in this State, so far show the election of 19 Scott and 7 Fillmore.

The Washington correspondent of the Commercial says the letter of HULSMAS does not state that he was instructed to withdraw on account of the reception of Kossuth, though there is scarcely a doubt of it. Neither does he request that his letter be communicated to the President. The letter itself is an eccentric, querulous, and not very dignified epistle.

WASHINGTON, May 14.

The appointment of the following consuls were confirmed: Henry Monroe, at Aspinwall, New Grenada; Mr. Walcott, at Caracas; Spiridon Lotic at Port Mahone; John Morandi at Port Antonio; Joseph Herriques, at Melbourne, Australia; Judah Levy, at Leluan, Morocco; Manuel Barcena, at Vigo, Spain; Francis Ogden, at Manchester, England; Geo. G. Sergeant, as Surveyor of Wisconsin; Pierce B. Reading, Indian agent for California.

The Tehuantepec Treaty-Hulsmas Letter.

WASHINGTON, May 13.

Important advices from Mexico relative to the rejection of the Tehuantepec treaty are understood to have been received in this city.

The Mexicans consider that the Garay grant was obtained by bribery and corruption. Mr. Lerma on the rejection of the treaty made its ratification an ultimatum at the hazard of war.

President Arista has appealed from this ultimatum to President Fillmore, representing the impossibility of acceding to the Garay grant, even under the threat of war—but the same time urges the readiness of Mexico to grant the right of way upon firm and liberal terms. The Garay grant will doubtless be rejected.

HULSMAS's letter to Mr. WEBSTER covers several pages. One chief cause of his withdrawing is the obnoxious articles which have appeared in the public journals relative to his transactions with the government.

The letter concludes by returning thanks to the President for kindness, and asking the Secretary of State to accept assurance of his high consideration.

Mr. BALMIST, the American Consul at New York is to act in the place of HULSMAS.

PERTHAMPTON, May 17, M.

There are 11 feet 6 inches water stationary. Considerable rain has fallen within the past 24 hours.

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His Bill at Washington.

The following is a copy of Kossuth's bill at Washington, presented to the Senate and by that body ordered to be paid.

The bill is endorsed as correct by Shields, (Dem.) and Steward (Free Soil), while the other member of the committee, Gen. Cass, as usual in such cases, amid the "noise and confusion" caused by its presentation, dodged the responsibility and had nothing to do with it.

Danville Tribune.

Washington, 13th March, 1852.

The Senate of the United States.

To Board for Governor Kossuth and Suite, having 10 parlors and 22 chambers, 134 days—23 persons, \$3,585 00

Sundries—Champagne, Sherry, Madeira, Cigars, Lemonade, Bar-bill, Washing, Medicine, Post Office Stamps, Portage and Messenger, Hawk-bird paid at different times, Telegraphs, Sugar, Brandy and Whisky in rooms, Porter and Ale, Baked-pigs, Barber's bill—amounting in all to 658 82

Bill for Carriages engaged for Governor and Suite, 319 50

Examined and approved, \$4,556 32

(Signed) JAS. SHIELDS, } Com.

Received of A. D. Kossuth, Secretary of the Senate, Four Thousand Five Hundred and Sixty-Six Dollars and Thirty-Two Cents, in payment of the within bill.

(Signed) P. T. & M. BROWN.

March 12, 1852.

A strange circumstance is chronicled in the Millidgeville (Ga.) Record as having occurred in Lowndes county in the year 1835, a little boy, the son of Mr. Ashley Lawson, going straggling and trying to swallow a quinquina, and from that time he has been troubled with a cough similar to croup every winter. This spring his parents thought he would die, (being worse than usual) but he coughed up the quinquina. On examination it had a bony covering about one sixteenth of an inch thick on it. On removing the osseous substance, the quinquina was found to be perfectly sound, the marks were on it where he had scraped it with his knife before trying to swallow it. He is now in good health and free from the cough, with which he has been troubled so long.

For the Weekly Messenger.

CHARADE.

I am composed of 24 letters.

My 20, 2, 10 is a plant used a great deal.

My 13, 8, 4, 16 is what every man wants.

My 11, 14, 16, 17, 18 is what every farmer has.

My 6, 8, 11, 1 is what every body wants.

My 20, 21, 4, 17, 21, 9 is a fowl.

My 22, 12, 8, 13, 23 is found in a school-room.

My 14, 18, 3, 4, 24 is a name for a boy.

My 10, 15, 19 is a name of a girl.

My 4, 5, 19 is a kind of grain.

My whole is the name of a residence of one of the greatest men living.

A.

PUBLIC MEETING.

The friends of Emancipation of Madison County are requested to meet at the courthouse, in Richmond, on Monday Court day, being the 7th day of June next, to appoint delegates to the National Free Soil Convention to be held in Paris, &c., for the nomination of candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, and to transact such other business as the party desires.

W. P. F. H. DOOLIN.

SCOTT KIMBALL, G. C. SMITH.

J. H. RAWLINGS, DR. J. HOWARD.

C. M. CLAY, R. STAPP.

HENRY HAWKINS, THOM. COYLE.

COMMERCIAL.

Weekly Review of the Markets.

LOUISVILLE, May 18, 1852.

Market pretty much unchanged, though dull for provisions, and rather firmer for Hempen fabrics. The weather is clear and quite cool.

BAKING AND STOVING.—There is rather more firmness in sales of 135 pieces of heavy 10c, 11c, 12c, and a sale of 75 pieces of 10c, 11c, 12c. Sales of 250 coils rope at 50c.

CHINESE.—Sales of 150 boxes Western at 7c.

FLAX.—Dull at 90c.

FLOOR AND GRAIN.—Sales of flour confined as small lots from stor at \$3 40 to \$3 45. A sale of 250 bushels of corn, 10c, at the wharf, at 33c; also, sales from stores at 35c and 36c. Sales of 130 bags of at 25c, including bag.

HAY.—Sales of 60 bales pure timothy at the wharf at \$10 per ton.

GRAIN.—We quote sales of 75 bags Rio Coffee at 10c and 10c sales of 10c. Sales of sugar at 15c. Quotation molasses 33c; sugar one 40c.

PROVISIONS.—We quote sale of 410 lbs mess pork at \$15 25 per bbl. Bacon from mess pork 7c for 10c mess; and 10c for 10c sides. Salt from stores at 1c for sides and 10c for clear sides.

TO ACCO.—The receipts are ample, and the sales to day the heaviest ever made, amounting to 245 bbls of the three extra houses at prices of \$2 20 to \$2 50 for hogs to hogs, at 1c for 1c; choice at \$5 10, \$5 20, \$5 25, \$5 30, \$5 40 and \$7 00.

WHISKY.—Sales of 210 bbls at 16c for the bulk, and 16c for the retail—3 cask.

CIN. INSAI, May 18, M.

Sales 400 bbls flour at \$3 30 to \$3 35. Sales Whisky from 16c. Provisions dull sales 500 bbls prime lard at 10c. Groceries are firm. Butter declining; 20 cask prime sold at 15c.

New York, May 18, M.

Cotton firm and active. Flour is improving; 3,200 bbls of 1st—\$4 25, 2d—\$4 12 1/2, 3d—\$4 10, 4th—\$4 8 1/2, 5th—\$4 6 1/2, 6th—\$4 4 1/2, 7th—\$4 2 1/2, 8th—\$4 1 1/2, 9th—\$4 1/2, 10th—\$4 1/2, 11th—\$4 1/2, 12th—\$4 1/2, 13th—\$4 1/2, 14th—\$4 1/2, 15th—\$4 1/2, 16th—\$4 1/2, 17th—\$4 1/2, 18th—\$4 1/2, 19th—\$4 1/2, 20th—\$4 1/2, 21st—\$4 1/2, 22nd—\$4 1/2, 23rd—\$4 1/2, 24th—\$4 1/2, 25th—\$4 1/2, 26th—\$4 1/2, 27th—\$4 1/2, 28th—\$4 1/2, 29th—\$4 1/2, 30th—\$4 1/2, 31st—\$4 1/2, 32nd—\$4 1/2, 33rd—\$4 1/2, 34th—\$4 1/2, 35th—\$4 1/2, 36th—\$4 1/2, 37th—\$4 1/2, 38th—\$4 1/2, 39th—\$4 1/2, 40th—\$4 1/2, 41st—\$4 1/2, 42nd—\$4 1/2, 43rd—\$4 1/2, 44th—\$4 1/2, 45th—\$4 1/2, 46th—\$4 1/2, 47th—\$4 1/2, 48th—\$4 1/2, 49th—\$4 1/2, 50th—\$4 1/2, 51st—\$4 1/2, 52nd—\$4 1/2, 53rd—\$4 1/2, 54th—\$4 1/2, 55th—\$4 1/2, 56th—\$4 1/2, 57th—\$4 1/2, 58th—\$4 1/2, 59th—\$4 1/2, 60th—\$4 1/2, 61st—\$4 1/2, 62nd—\$4 1/2, 63rd—\$4 1/2, 64th—\$4 1/2, 65th—\$4 1/2, 66th—\$4 1/2, 67th—\$4 1/2, 68th—\$4 1/2, 69th—\$4 1/2, 70th—\$4 1/2, 71st—\$4 1/2, 72nd—\$4 1/2, 73rd—\$4 1/2, 74th—\$4 1/2, 75th—\$4 1/2, 76th—\$4 1/2, 77th—\$4 1/2, 78th—\$4 1/2, 79th—\$4 1/2, 80th—\$4 1/2, 81st—\$4 1/2, 82nd—\$4 1/2, 83rd—\$4 1/2, 84th—\$4 1/2, 85th—\$4 1/2, 86th—\$4 1/2, 87th—\$4 1/2, 88th—\$4 1/2, 89th—\$4 1/2, 90th—\$4 1/2, 91st—\$4 1/2, 92nd—\$4 1/2, 93rd—\$4 1/2, 94th—\$4 1/2, 95th—\$4 1/2, 96th—\$4 1/2, 97th—\$4 1/2, 98th—\$4 1/2, 99th—\$4 1/2, 100th—\$4 1/2, 101st—\$4 1/2, 102nd—\$4 1/2, 103rd—\$4 1/2, 104th—\$4 1/2, 105th—\$4 1/2, 106th—\$4 1/2, 107th—\$4 1/2, 108th—\$4 1/2, 109th—\$4 1/2, 110th—\$4 1/2, 111th—\$4 1/2, 112th—\$4 1/2, 113th—\$4 1/2, 114th—\$4 1/2, 115th—\$4 1/2, 116th—\$4 1/2, 117th—\$4 1/2, 118th—\$4 1/2, 119th—\$4 1/2, 120th—\$4 1/2, 121st—\$4 1/2, 122nd—\$4 1/2, 123rd—\$4 1/2, 124th—\$4 1/2, 125th—\$4 1/2, 126th—\$4 1/2, 127th—\$4 1/2, 128th—\$4 1/2, 129th—\$4 1/2, 130th—\$4 1/2, 131st—\$4 1/2, 132nd—\$4 1/2, 133rd—\$4 1/2, 134th—\$4 1/2, 135th—\$4 1/2, 136th—\$4 1/2, 137th—\$4 1/2, 138th—\$4 1/2, 139th—\$4 1/2, 140th—\$4 1/2, 141st—\$4 1/2, 142nd—\$4 1/2, 143rd—\$4 1/2, 144th—\$4 1/2, 145th—\$4 1/2, 146th—\$4 1/2, 147th—\$4 1/2, 148th—\$4 1/2, 149th—\$4 1/2, 150th—\$4 1/2, 151st—\$4 1/2, 152nd—\$4 1/2, 153rd—\$4 1/2, 154th—\$4 1/2, 155th—\$4 1/2, 156th—\$4 1/2, 157th—\$4 1/2, 158th—\$4 1/2, 159th—\$4 1/2, 160th—\$4 1/2, 161st—\$4 1/2, 162nd—\$4 1/2, 163rd—\$4 1/2, 164th—\$4 1/2, 165th—\$4 1/2, 166th—\$4 1/2, 167th—\$4 1/2, 168th—\$4 1/2, 169th—\$4 1/2, 170th—\$4 1/2, 171st—\$4 1/2, 172nd—\$4 1/2, 173rd—\$4 1/2, 174th—\$4 1/2, 175th—\$4 1/2, 176th—\$4 1/2, 177th—\$4 1/2, 178th—\$4 1/2, 179th—\$4 1/2, 180th—\$4 1/2, 181st—\$4 1/2, 182nd—\$4 1/2, 183rd—\$4 1/2, 184th—\$4 1/2, 185th—\$4 1/2, 186th—\$4 1/2, 187th—\$4 1/2, 188th—\$4 1/2, 189th—\$4 1/2, 190th—\$4 1/2, 191st—\$4 1/2, 192nd—\$4 1/2, 193rd—\$4 1/2, 194th—\$4 1/2, 195th—\$4 1/2, 196th—\$4 1/2, 197th—\$4 1/2, 198th—\$4 1/2, 199th—\$4 1/2, 200th—\$4 1/2, 201st—\$4 1/2, 202nd—\$4 1/2, 203rd—\$4 1/2, 204th—\$4 1/2, 205th—\$4 1/2, 206th—\$4 1/2, 207th—\$4 1/2, 208th—\$4 1/2, 209th—\$4 1/2, 210th—\$4 1/2, 211st—\$4 1/2, 212nd—\$4 1/2, 213th—\$4 1/2, 214th—\$4 1/2, 215th—\$4 1/2, 216th—\$4 1/2, 217th—\$4 1/2, 218th—\$4 1/2, 219th—\$4 1/2, 220th—\$4 1/2, 221st—\$4 1/2, 222nd—\$4 1/2, 223rd—\$4 1/2, 224th—\$4 1/2, 225th—\$4 1/2, 226th—\$4 1/2, 227th—\$4 1/2, 228th—\$4 1/2, 229th—\$4 1/2, 230th—\$4 1/2, 231st—\$4 1/2, 232nd—\$4 1/2, 233rd—\$4 1/2, 234th—\$4 1/2, 235th—\$4 1/2, 236th—\$4 1/2, 237th—\$4 1/2, 238th—\$4 1/2, 239th—\$4 1/2, 240th—\$4 1/2, 241st—\$4 1/2, 242nd—\$4 1/2, 243rd—\$4 1/2, 244th—\$4 1/2, 245th—\$4 1/2, 246th—\$4 1/2, 247th—\$4 1/2, 248th—\$4 1/2, 249th—\$4 1/2, 250th—\$4 1/2, 251st—\$4 1/2, 252nd—\$4 1/2, 253rd—\$4 1/2, 254th—\$4 1/2, 255th—\$4 1/2, 256th—\$4 1/2, 257th—\$4 1/2, 258th—\$4 1/2, 259th—\$4 1/2, 260th—\$4 1/2, 261st—\$4 1/2, 262nd—\$4 1/2, 263rd—\$4 1/2, 264th—\$4 1/2, 265th—\$4 1/2, 266th—\$4 1/2, 267th—\$4 1/2, 268th—\$4 1/2, 269th—\$4 1/2, 270th—\$4 1/2, 271st—\$4 1/2, 272nd—\$4 1/2, 273rd—\$4 1/2, 274th—\$4 1/2, 275th—\$4 1/2, 276th—\$4 1/2, 277th—\$4 1/2, 278th—\$4 1/2, 279th—\$4 1/2, 280th—\$4 1/2, 281st—\$4 1/2, 282nd—\$4 1/2, 283rd—\$4 1/2, 284th—\$4 1/2, 285th—\$4 1/2, 286th—\$4 1/2, 287th—\$4 1/2, 288th—\$4 1/2, 289th—\$4 1/2, 290th—\$4 1/2, 291st—\$4 1/2, 292nd—\$4 1/2, 293rd—\$4 1/2, 294th—\$4 1/2, 295th—\$4 1/2, 296th—\$4 1/2,

